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Mothering Nature: A Rose's Story

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Mothering Nature: A Rose's Story

Anthony Lucio

*How I look and see, reminisce how you used to be
Sway from the breeze, stained from my dreams.*

Color vivid and live, silent living your life.

Admired so much, from death, love, to lust.

Cut from the ankles, moist, from the baby's breath that enslaves you.

Wrapped and boxed in your coffin, carrying your remains with caution.

To their final destination, where they'll be given in dedication.

Place your wounds in water to bathe, for your presence there's always a thanks.

See you as you face the sky, then slowly shrivel from the top when you dry.

The feeling of memory is all you have left,

As we keep you around admiring your death..